

2.
A Slight SKETCH of
Some *Insignificant* CHARACTERS

Deservedly Address'd

T O

That very *wise* and *loyal* SOCIETY

T H E

ANTI-GEORGIANS.

By an *Impartial* HAND.

N. B. An ingenious Author observes, " That it contributes much to the
Approbation of a Work not to know who compos'd it,



L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year MDCCXLIX.

To be deliver'd Gratis.

Contains a quotation from Gay on p. 3, lines 2+3

SOME IMPORTANT CHARACTERS

THE VERY FIRST AND LAST SOCIETY

OF THE

ANTI-GEORGEAN

By an Imperial Historian

M. D. An ingenious Author observes, "It is not a Work not to be read, but a Work not to be written."



Printed in the West India Office
To be sold by the



CANTO I.

—*The Fool maketh a Rod for his own Back.*

*Shall we our harmless Fancies balk
For fear some prudish Neighbour talk?*

GAY: ←



THE Clock had struck—And eager
to be drunk,
The Sots, who still of last Night's
Surfeit stunk,
Obey'd the Summons — S—th prepar'd the
Room:

For well he knew the Sons of Wine would come:

B

Bound

Bound by their Laws, as soon as they disgorge
One Dose, to take another at the G—ge.

'Twas now the Time when *Pedagogues* were free
From making Verbs and Substantives agree ;

The hopeful Infants now no longer bleed
Beneath the Lash of *One* who ne'er cou'd read :

But Peace succeeded that *pedantic* Reign

Where *Rods* supply the Office of the *Brain*.

The *gouty* PARSON hasten'd to shut up

His thumb'd Concordance and embrace the Cup.

The starv'd ATTORNEY who must scheme or break
Had plan'd fresh *Suits* for the succeeding Week ;

And thinking of the *Port*, threw to their Stations
His *honest* Bills and *tedious* Declarations.

The *noted* PAIR, who have no point in View,

But to consider where they next shall *spew*,

Came

Came Hand in Hand—They heard the Sound of

Eight,

And stop'd but once, within *ten* Yards to bait,

* * * * *

* * * * *

Some meaner *Sots* were there, of little weight, O

But to keep up, like Mutes, the Farce of State.

Yet all drank deep—And never was it known

They durst to speak, but when the Wine was down.

Till then the Goddess *Dullness* had deny'd

Her Gifts, 'mongst these her *Sons*, thou'd be descry'd.

But soon as fev'rish Glasses, (which dispense

A Cloud o'er ev'ry Mind endow'd with *Sense*,)

Awak'd these *drowsy Souls*; they all began

T'exert what small Remains were left of *Man*.

† Several curious Characters were to have been inserted here, but the Author was informed they behav'd like *Gentlemen*, and therefore he omitted them.

And

And small they were---For erst the † God did deign
 To number these 'midst his *distemper'd* Train,
 With *graver Pow'rs* in favour they have grown
 And *Dullness* stamp't these Heroes for her own.
 She, *solid* Goddess, shed her Influence
 O'er their lov'd Heads, and quench'd each Spark
 of Sense;

Describ'd the Circle where their Wit might reign,
 And but with *one Idea* stor'd their Brain.

The *bloated* PRESIDENT assum'd the Chair
 And with his || *blood-shot* Eyes began to stare:
 Th' Inferiors noted his *important* Face,
 And bowing each betook him to his Place.
 The great § *Symposiarch* seeing all were still
 And only waited for his Word to *fill*;

† *Bacchus.* || A Consequence of hard drinking. § For this Word ask the
 Schoolmaster, or the Parson of the Parish. But it is thought to mean no more than
 the *Head* of a Club.

Desirous ever to be well esteem'd
 By those who made him *Watchman* whilst they
 dream'd;

Thus gave his dull, unanimated Club
 A *senseless* Word or two by Way of Rub:

“ Was it for this you fill'd the Chair of State
 “ (A Chair where once the gen'rous Mason sat)
 “ With one whose Merits far out-shone your Sphere,
 “ Whether you challeng'd him in Port or Beer?
 “ Alike indiff'rent did he ever come
 “ And seldom left a Drop to stain his † Thumb.
 “ Long has this Head of mine despis'd those Pains
 “ Which sorely rack the *Scholar's* tender Brains.
 “ Shew me the Man who has been known to stand
 “ Whene'er I press'd him with a Glass in hand.”

The Supernaculum.

And

" And shall my Voice be unapprov'd and lost,

" Unless it joins the Song, or gives the Toast? By

" Take Bumpers round—Then for a while be dead

" To Mirth; and listen gravely to your Head. T

" There are, who say *strange Sounds* are nightly

" heard; W

" *Sounds* by old Maids, and young ones to be fear'd."

" At an unlucky Hour these Noises rise W

" And keep from closing all our *Daughters Eyes*."

" Think then what Plots, what Stratagems they lay,

" Whilst *Serenaders* at their Windows play? A

" How will they wish, wou'd *Cupid* aid their Flight;

" To join these *Rakes*, and bid their Dads good

" *Night?* S

" What say ye, Brothers, shall these Routs be known?

" And can we call this little Town *our own?*

boA

" It

- ‘ Is it for this in *Vestry* we give Laws,
 “ And swear to favour each his Brother’s Cause?
 “ Is it for this we’ve govern’d here so long,
 “ And claim’d the Privilege of *doing Wrong*?
 “ Have I for this maintain’d the fixt Design
 “ ’Mongst other † *leaden Heads* to enter mine;
 “ And to take out my *Dedimus* decreed,
 “ Soon as I cou’d *at Sight* a Statute read?”

Thus much he spoke—and more he strove to say.
 But neither Word to t’other wou’d give way.
 So fast each Syllable oppress’d its Neighbour
 That he was forc’d to spare himself the Labour.
 His Speech by Passion and Obstruction drown’d,
 Dy’d undistinguish’d in a *blubb’ring* Sound.
 So have I seen a Footman strive to throttle
 Beneath the Cistern’s Flood a stubborn Bottle;

† We are inform’d, that the President designs to be in the Commission.

Sunk down at last, no longer it employs
His Thoughts, but make its Exit in a *Noise*.

The PARSON next his rosy Gills uprear'd,
Where Beef, and Port, and Honesty appear'd.

“ Why truly Sir, quoth he, the Case is stated

“ So *clear* by you, it ought to be debated.

“ And I must say they’ve made a bold Advance:

“ For where’s the Law that forces Girls to d---ce?

“ Were but these Rake-shames worthy our accosting

“ Observe what † *Tully* says and good St. *Austin*.”

St. *Austin*, quoth the *President*, retrench
Your Learning, Sir,---I think he wrote in || *French*;

Therefore I’ll none of him---Tho’ I’d advance

A certain P---ce, I hate the Name of *France*.

The *Priest* sat down abash’d.--Next rose a PRIG
For nothing noted but his *formal* Wig,

† *Tully* speaks particularly against this Custom; so do some of the Fathers.

|| The *President* is the most hopeful Child the Goddess *Dullness* has, and is said to take very much after his Mother. His *Ignorance* therefore is excusable.

Of *sacerdotal* Cut.--So nicely drest,
 'Twas hard to say which he might pass for best,
 A *Country Barber* or a *Country Priest*.

What *impious* Hands, what mortal Breath shall dare
 With a rude Whisper to disturb the *Hair*?
 Fearful its *Beauty* shou'd receive a Shock,
 Or sit less *primly* now than on a *Block*;
 With cautious Motion, as erect as Spear,
 He rais'd his *curious* Person from the Chair,
 And, as he rose forth from his Cassock drew
 * A *Paper*, which the conscious Brethren knew.
 Where ev'ry *Likeness* struck without a *Name*,
 And each *Fool* pointed at was known from *Fame*.

Then he :--" We merit Satire; for † good Sir,
 " Who first began to make this needless Stir?

* These Verses. † To the President.

" *Unjustly*

" *Unjustly* censur'd shall none dare reply?

" But let the Sun go down upon our * *Lye?*

" Amongst these *Younkers* shou'd an Hand be found,

" To give our *wiser* Heads an home-felt Wound ;

" Then shall the sneering Town at once agree

" That *Boys* are sometimes known at *Fifty three*.

" Where'er we go, the *Whisper* we shall trace,

" And dirty Brats will jeer us to our Face.

" Will they not say, --- *Here come the PAIR in State,*

" *Who stop but once within ten Yards to bait.*"

Then turning to the PARSON :--" You, my Friend,

" May hope to see a Time when 'Things shall

" mend,

" Tho' blest with all the Marriage-State affords.--

" For *W--es* will love gay Company and L---s.

* The Occasion given to this Satire was, that some Gentlemen were first *falsely* as well as *foolishly* aspers'd in a public Advertisment, and afterwards in *public Companies*.

" Besides

" Besides, who'd chide a Woman that is seen

" *Humbling herself* before a rev'rend D---?

" Tho' her fond hopes of needless Pomp are gone

" By seeing me preferr'd to H---on,

" Yet rest contented with this sure amends,

" The wise and good will ever be thy Friends;

" Applaud thy Conduct in each Point of Life,

" And pity thee for having such a W-e.

" What right hast thou to rail? (the PARSON cries)

" *Thou seest the Mote too plain in other's Eyes;*

" If only to insult us thou art come

" There's an old Proverb bids you *look at home.*

" *Old Womens* idle Fancies have been known

" To raise the *Fortunes* of more Fools than one.

" As for my W---e tho' L---s have smil'd upon her,

" They've had the *Pleasure*, Sir, but I've the *Honour.*

" *Unjustly* censur'd shall none dare reply?

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 “ They’ve had the *Pleasure*, Sir, but I’ve the *Honour*.

" * *A well-fill'd Quiver* (as the Psalmist says)

" *Of Arrows* my Ability displays.

" Your Soil's so bad you scarcely have been able

" To raise one *Olive-Branch* to grace your *Table* ;

" *But in the Vineyard* you durst never tire ,

" *And Jure a Lab'rer's worthy of his Hire.*"

Thus far they rail'd--at length their Nonsense rose

So high, from *Words* they almost came to *Blows*.

Swift to revenge, the PARSON was prepar'd

With his good Fift; and stood upon his Guard.

But his Antagonist with hasty Arm

Caught up the *Poker* and defy'd all Harm.

A Weapon which of old he knew to wield

When with a *Damsel's* Shrieks his House was fill'd.

The grave-ey'd Goddess heard her *Children* loud,

And forth she came, dispelling that thick Cloud

* The Author here alludes to a Passage in the Psalms, viz. *As Arrows in the Hand of a Giant, even so are the young Children; happy is the Man who has his Quiver full of them.*

Which

Which from the || *Indian Weed*, like Incense, rose;
And with its nightly Fumes regal'd her Nose.

- " How comes it, *Sons*, that *Riot's* Voice is known
" Where I have deign'd to fix my peaceful Throne?
" Why these unseemly Broils?--I know your *Grief*:
" But say will wrangling bring the wish'd Relief?
" Alas! *my Sons*, shou'd we fall out for Toys,
" And 'stead of sweet Revenge use empty Noise,
" Too well I know those *foolish ones* who hate
" Our *milder* Pow'r, and envy Peace so great ;
" Those who to *Phæbus'* Rage submit their Breast'
" And frantic feel the God's whole Force imprest,
" Will only triumph o'er my dear *Elect* ;
" And say their *Satire* has the wish'd Effect.
" Be silent then---with fix'd Attention hear
" The Counsel that I give---for Comfort's near.
" Enthron'd amidst the Refuse of a Stall
" There sits a * Wight, who teaches Lines to crawl

|| Tobacco. * The *Fool*—the Author of a Paper so call'd.

" Upon poetic Feet; to him repair:
 " For *well-dissembling* † CHRISTIANS are his care.
 " Under this Name I did *myself* compose,
 " At *your* Requests, a *shrewd* || Reply in Prose.
 " And least the *carping* Tribe shou'd say 'twas mine,
 " And dare *profane* so *pious* a Design,
 " Under § his Countenance I shew'd my *Sting*,
 " And *him* again to our Defence we'll bring.
 " Nor will we unreveng'd such Insults brook,
 " Whilst * *L---n* lives and my old fav'rite * *C---k*.
 " To Night let all our Fears be drown'd in Wine,
 " And *fresh* to-morrow, join your Heads with *mine*

† Vid. A *sanctify'd* Letter sign'd *Christian* in the *Fool*, Dec. 14.

|| Meaning the same Letter in the aforesaid Daily Paper.

§ It is no wonder that this *Goddeſs*, who is the Patroness of Nonsense, should advise her Sons to address themselves, in the Manner they did, to the *Fool* for Protection.

* Two execrable Writers, not less to be admir'd for the *false Wit*, and Stupidity of their Compositions than the *Christian* here hinted at, who in the abovemention'd Letter, has from his Ignorance of *Grammar*, plac'd the Words *detestable Stuff* so unfortunately, that they may be referr'd either to the *Stanza of Verses*, which he *religiously* censures, or to *Almighty God*, whom he pretends (tho' as he says *unworthily*) to revere. Pardon the *Classics*.